By this one bloudie trial of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hopers swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Enter K Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.
King. Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord,
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir *William* Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest-
Where is Lord Stanly quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,

Which

Line 29. Lords &c.
Line 20 their utmost number.

Which well I am
His regiment lie
South from the
Rich. If witho
Good captaine B
And giue him fr
Blunt. Vpon
Rich. Farewel
Giue me some I
Ile draw the form
Limit each leade
And part in iust
Come, let vs con
In to our tent, th
Ente
King. What is
Cat. It is six o
King. I will
What, is my be
And all my arm
Cat. It is my
King Good
Vse carefull wat
Nor. I goe m
King. Stur wi
Nor. I warran
King. Catesb
Rat. My Lor
King. Send o
To Stanelys reg
Before Sun risin
Into the blinde
Fill me a bowle
Saddle white Su
Looke that my
Rat. My Lo
King. Saweſt
Rat. Thom
Much about C

Line 17 of